

SAVANNAH COURIER.

Entered at the Post-Office at Savannah as Second-Class Matter.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 21.

SAVANNAH, HARDIN COUNTY, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1897.

One Dollar Per Year.

HOW EASY IT IS.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless words of a cherished friend,
The selfish work of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They all can tarnish his golden glow,
And take the grace from his airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
By the force of a thought we did not check!
Little by little we mold the clay,
And little flaws may the vessel wreck.
The careless waste of a white-winged hour,
That held the blessing we long had sought,
The sudden loss of wealth and power—
And lo! the day is with ill wrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life!
And many are spoiled ere well begun—
In home light darkened by sin and strife,
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toll that robs the form of its grace,
And undermines its health gives way,
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain,
Some good should come as the hours go by;
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high,
And life is too short to spoil like this;
If only a prelude, it may be sweet;
Let us bind together its thread of bliss,
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

—Watchman.

HEART OF THE WORLD.

BY ADELINE KNAPP.

Gray shadows were creeping over the sand dunes beyond Pacific Heights. Only here and there a lanceolate beam touched the hills, from the crimson ball going out to sea through the golden gate. There was a scent of lilacs in the air, mingling with the more potent perfume of February roses. The hum of the city sounded far away, and the song of a meadow lark could be heard from a treetop.

The door of the house stood open, revealing a broad hall. There was a suggestion, in the dim light, of waving ferns and the silvery gleam of a fountain, in the conservatory at one side. From the doorjamb there raved in the breeze long ends of soft, snowy ribbon, holding in place a cluster of white roses.

In the center of a stately apartment that opened upon the hall stood a tiny white casket on slender pillars. Two candles burned at its head. By a window a man sat gazing with unseeing eyes, in the creeping shadows of the trees. A woman lay in a crushed heap among the pillows of a divan. Neither had moved for a long time. The little form in the white casket had been their all. Now it lay scarcely stiller than they.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of a woman's voice, high-pitched and clear.

"Willie! Willie! oh, Willie!" it cried. A friend within the house hastened to the door. Along a pathway through the shrubbery a handsomely-dressed woman appeared. "Oh!" she exclaimed, advancing; "have you seen a little boy about four years old? My little boy is lost! Some one said they saw him come in here. I cannot find him; and I am afraid he has fallen somewhere in the sand dunes."

"Have you notified the police?" "Long ago. They are all on the lookout for him. But he may be buried in the sand. We have been searching for hours. Oh, I have lost two little ones through death, but I never felt as I do this moment!"

The mother's heart welled forth behind the cultured woman's enforced composure.

The woman who had been lying among the cushions came through the hall to the door.

"What is it?" she asked.

The friend put her arm about her and would have drawn her back; but the stranger spoke.

"My little boy is lost," she said, excitedly. "He is only four years old. We are afraid he is among the sand dunes."

"Oh!" cried the younger woman, "I am so sorry! Is there nothing we can do? Cannot we help you look for him? The poor little fellow! Think of him all alone in the dunes! How did it happen?" And she put her hand in the stranger's for sympathy.

The latter was full of her story of coming home from a round of calls to find the child missing and the other children seeking him. Even as she spoke, voices could be heard calling from the sand dunes: "Willie! Willie! oh, Willie!"

"I must go," cried the mother. "Oh, my heart is breaking! Willie! Willie! Where can he be?"

As she turned a passing zephyr blew the white ribbon on the doorstep straight out across her cheek. She started back, dismayed.

"Why," she cried, "you have a dead child in this house!"

"Yes," said the other mother; "my only child, a little boy just four years old, died this morning."

Tears came into the stranger's eyes. "Oh," she cried, "do forgive me! I am so sorry. I did not know. Dear heart! to think I should have troubled you. I, too, have lost two children by death; but this is more terrible. My little boy! You see, I do not know where he is."

"I know," the other said, calmly. "You must let us do what we can for you. Oh, I am sure you will find him. Let me go with you. We will search together. Not to know where your baby is! Oh, what trouble there is in the world!"

She seized a wrap, and the two women went down the walk together. At the corner they were met by a boy of perhaps a dozen years.

WARD-BOUND LABORER.

"My little boy is lost," "Shure, mem, now, that's very bad, an' I'm sorry," the man said, halting; "mebbe he'd be at th' plice station?" "No, I've telephoned all the stations. Some one thought they saw him down here. What shall I do?"

The face of the big, rough man worked sympathetically.

"I'll kape me eyes open ez I go along home, mem," he said; "an' mebbe I'll see th' little feller. Tui, now! What if I towed me own little Tim? He's just four years old, the rascal, an' I'd kill 'iz mother, shure. Ah, but it's wearyin' an' comfortin' to th' heart, mem, the children bein'."

The way grew more squalid as they kept on toward the beach. On a doorstep a young woman sat holding a little child, and looking anxiously down the street.

"Have you seen a little boy?" the older mother began, and again the sad little tale was told.

"No," said the other woman; "but I hope you'll find him, lady. I know how you feel. Me heart's sore over me own little feller, hecy, and me man away lookin' for work. The baby is that sick! An' Jim, me other lad, he's gone for medicine. I don't know what's keepin' him."

"Let me see the baby," and the mother, whose little one lay dead at home reached out her jeweled hands. The child was placed in her arms.

"Why, he is very ill indeed!" she exclaimed. The little one's face was livid. The baby's fingers were clenched over each tiny thumb, and the tiny body shivered convulsively.

Willie's mother eyed the little form knowingly. "The child should be put into a warm bath at once," she said.

The three women entered the house and busied themselves over the sick baby. She whose child was lost found a battered kettle and put water to heat over the single-burner lamp. The other woman undressed the little form, while the wee sufferer's mother stood wringing her hands in helpless pain.

They worked rapidly, tenderly; but it was nearly an hour before the terrible convulsions were over and the baby was resting on the bed.

"God bless you, ladies!" the poor woman cried, as she saw relief creeping over the drawn face; "you have saved my baby's life!"

"But oh, my own little boy!" and the other mother hastened to the door. "It is quite dark and I do not know where he is."

"Sure, lady, the good God will never let your baby be lost!" but the two strangers were gone.

"Oh, where will he sleep to-night?" murmured Willie's mother. "Your boy is safe with God, but where, where is mine?"

Up the street an older boy came tearing. "Mamma! Mamma!" he cried, while yet afar off; "a policeman's found Willie and taken him home!"

"Oh, thank God!" said she whose child was with the All-Father—"thank God!" but the other could not speak.

"It was a triumphal progress back to the more aristocratic quarter."

"They've found yer bebbey, ma'am," a street urchin cried, who was calling papers on the street corner. A Mexican female vender volunteered the same information in broken English, and in the next block a woman threw open a window and leaned forward.

"A policeman took your little boy home, madam!" she called, joyfully.

Near home a gleeful band of children met them.

"He's found—he's found!" and the chorus rang throughout the neighborhood.

The two mothers kissed tenderly and parted. As the younger one turned to enter her childless home her eyes were swimming with the first tears she had shed that day; but they were tears of thankfulness.

On the doorstep of the other home a man stood, holding a child in his arms. "We've got him," he called, quickly, as he bent to kiss his wife; and then his arms closed tightly around them both.

"O, Willie!" he said, "how could you frighten us so? Why did you do it?" The curly head was raised and the blue eyes opened in surprise.

"Why, papa," said the little voice, "Mary said they wuzent any 'n'ges for dinner, an' I went out to buy some!" —N. Y. Independent.

Flashlights. Advice is one of the unpleasant smaller vices that the truly good forget to condemn.

Don't persist in error—after you're found out; and don't be found out if you can avoid it by persisting in it.

A MOST CURIOUS PEOPLE.

Friendship Between Greeks and Foreigners Almost an Impossibility.

The Greeks are among the most curious people of the world, and the most difficult to understand. None of the ethnological labels in common use can be said to describe or even imply their psychological characteristics. They have been successively termed a people of lazy, lying and spendthrift propensities, prone to quarrel and reckless of life, and also a nation of laborious, truthful, thrifty men and women, eager for peace and scrupulous respectors of the property of their neighbors. Neither statement is wholly in harmony with the facts.

The Russians say of themselves that you must eat 40 pounds of salt with them before you can know them. But, then, the thing is possible. With the Greeks it is much more difficult to become acquainted, for the excellent reason that you cannot eat any salt with them at all. They will hospitably entertain you at a hotel, but not under their own roof-tree. It is, of course, almost as easy to strike up an acquaintance with a Hellenic as with a Frenchman, to exchange ideas with him upon any topic he knows, or thinks he knows, especially, however, on politics.

But this is at most a mere shop-door acquaintance, however long it may last. He never gives the most friendly stranger the freedom of his house, and very seldom invites him thither; and yet he is by no means inhospitable. An intimate friend of mine, who has spent 20 years in one of the chief cities of the kingdom, tells me that neither he nor his wife has ever made a "friend," in the genuine sense of the word, among the natives, although they both speak the language elegantly and fluently, and have no end of "friends" in the conventional meaning of this much-abused term.

The Greeks, like most orientals, are extremely reserved toward even the most friendly foreigners, and, curiously enough, among other reasons, because their ladies have a mortal horror of inviting outsiders to partake of food which might possibly be open to criticism. The final outcome of this state of things is that the Greek loses more than the foreigner by this irrational shyness.

As a matter of fact they are a kindly, warm-hearted people, frugal to a degree that justifies their kinship with the ancient Spartans of black-robed fame, eloquent in a way that reminds you of the Demosthenes of your school days, whose long-winded orations seemed endless, and they are passionate just to the extent required by this eloquence. Having but lately emerged from barbarism and slavery they have not yet succeeded in oblitterating all its traces, but in very many cases they have covered them up with a veneer of modern culture, which, like the average English elite, will not bear much pressure.

The curious mixture of naïveté and shrewdness which results is unparalleled among the peoples of Europe or the world. To hear an educated Hellenic talk like Nestor and act like a naughty child at one and the same time is not an uncommon experience.—London Telegraph.

YE OLDEN TIME.

The Office-Seeker Dates Back to Washington's Day.

The scramble for office that is now going on has caused Robert Lincoln O'Brien, a Boston newspaper man, who is fond of "delving deep into dusty lore," to recall the days of President Adams, the first of our chief magistrates to acquire office as a party leader and on party issues.

Mr. O'Brien finds that Philadelphia seems to be, as now, to have been something of a political storm center, and to have contained a good many citizens anxious to serve their country for a reasonable consideration. Frederick A. Muhlenberg wanted to be treasurer of the mint, and took pains to explain to the president that "a series of misfortunes to a Son-in-law of mine occasioned by French Captures have affected me very materially, and being at present out of public employment, I have but little leisure and inclination to attend to the duties of this or any other Office. You may think proper to honor me with, whilst at the same time it would afford me some aid in a situation I have never been accustomed to."

Apparently, office was office with Mr. Muhlenberg, whatever its title, for after waiting some months he changed his course and became an applicant for the Philadelphia collectorship, but was willing to accept either the naval officer's or surveyor's position. Nearly three years later, having failed in all his applications, he appealed to President Jefferson in like manner, attributing his ill-success with Adams to the hostility of Oliver Wolcott.

Another Philadelphia politician conspicuous at that day was the clever, but erratic commissioner of revenue, Tench Cox. He was turned out of office during President Adams' term on charges of political treachery to the administration. He came back to Jefferson with a plea that "the world sees me yet unprovided for—yet un-restored—my old office held by him that extruded me—the best Branch of it given to another." He wanted that place—or "something equally as good," as our modern politician would put it.

He scorned anything of a dignity unworthy of a man of his exalted merit. "The trivial appointment of a commissioner of Bankruptcy," he wrote, "which Judge P. will have the power to render fruitless, will neither maintain my large family, repair my substantial losses nor restore me to public honor and confidence. The office cannot produce \$1,200 per annum, and is a very uncomfortable and inconvenient one."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Hobo Philosophers.

Wearly Walker—Each man has jes' about so much ter do in dis world wader he wants to er not.

Mangy Mike—Yep, but we uns don't do nothin'.

Wearly Walker—Don't, eh? Don't we uns do de rest?—Brooklyn Life.

TALL MEN ARE SHY.

Male Reticence Never Shared by the Little Men.

Two French physicians, who have been making investigations have come forward with a general denunciation of tall men as no good. They instance the giants of the world, who have been proverbially dull and men of gloomy disposition, and say that the chances are against phenomenally tall men or even very tall men of being very bright.

There should, however, be a careful distinction drawn between tall men and giants. Giantism has been demonstrated to be a disease. The victims suffer from a malady which produces an enlargement of the joints and this, more than any other growth of the bones, produces their extraordinary height.

There should, however, be a careful distinction drawn between tall men and giants. Giantism has been demonstrated to be a disease. The victims suffer from a malady which produces an enlargement of the joints and this, more than any other growth of the bones, produces their extraordinary height.

The real reason why tall men do not come to the front often is that they are as modest as they are extended. Little men usually bustle about to such an extent that people believe that they make up in width of views what they lack in stature. In their absorbing ambition not to be overlooked they simply overdo the thing and make those whose command of horizon is larger believe that they must get out of the way or the little fellow will run over them.

The tall man is always looking down on some one, but if anyone believes that it is a comfortable situation he should get himself into it for once and discover how unpleasant it is to carry on conversation with the assistance of a telephone neck. It is this excruciating experience that makes the tall man, as a rule, reticent. His reticence is mistaken for pride, pride is believed to be the evidence of doubt of his own powers, doubt proves deficiency. Deficiency in the tall man can arise from only one thing—development of the body at the expense of the brain and nervous system. Hence the short man easily arrives at the decision that the tall man is a misfit and that he is the only perfect being going.

Perfection being accorded him he might easily conquer the world, but he is always spoiling his chances by marrying a tall woman, who holds him back. This is the only reason why the men under five feet six have not already exterminated those over five feet nine.—N. Y. Herald.

PHOTOGRAPH OF DEATH.

Discovery by a German Scientist of Some New Light Rays.

The discovery of the so-called Roentgen rays has been followed by a sensational development due to a German scientist, Prof. E. Friedrich, of Vienna.

Prof. Friedrich was engaged in studying the practical application of the Roentgen rays when he made a discovery which has produced a great excitement in both scientific and lay circles.

The professor succeeded in photographing death—in other words the rays which he discovered enabled it to be definitely ascertained beyond a shadow of a doubt when life actually leaves a human body. Since these investigations he has communicated his discovery in a short letter to the Vienna Imperial Academy of Science.

At the present moment the medical profession possesses no means of absolutely stating that death has taken place. Doctors only draw their inferences in support of this view from the appearance of certain changes in the body. These, it is true, are fallible, and there is always the possibility that mistakes may be made and that a person who is apparently dead may suffer the horrors of premature interment.

Prof. Friedrich now affirms that the rays which he has discovered—he calls them Kritik rays—reveal with absolute reliability the entrance of death into the body.

"The Kritik rays are directed out of a vacuum tube, and are so piercing that they almost immediately penetrate the body upon which for the purposes of experiment the investigator has turned them. Those rays produce images on the photographic plate which are of a different character according as they are taken of a living or of a dead body. The photographing of the hand is the easiest experiment in test work of this kind. If, when it is laid on the photographic plate and subjected to the Kritik rays, it appears as a living hand does under the Roentgen rays, viz.: with all the bones clearly distinguished—then beyond question the person is alive. If, however, the hand does not yield its characteristic form under this process the person to whom it belongs is undoubtedly dead."

"I have arrived at this result by a whole series of experiments, which I regard as absolutely reliable. The new vacuum tubes which serve for a post-mortem diagnosis will have to be employed by every doctor."

In a few days Prof. Friedrich is likely to present a new report, and until he does medical men and scientists in general prefer not to commit themselves.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Literary Spirit in Nevada.

Stranger—I presume the literary spirit is not very largely developed yet in Nevada.

Nevada Ned—Well, that's where ye're mistaken, mister. We had a debate down in Cactus Gulch last night that lasted till sun-up.

Stranger—You must have worked up considerable enthusiasm. What was the question under discussion?

Nevada Ned—Resolved, that for a first offense, tar'nin' and feather'n' is better'n' lyuch'n'—N. Y. Truth.

Of Course.

Blinks—The biggest fool trick I ever did was once when I was ill and thought I was going to die. I sent for all my creditors and paid them in full.

Winks—And then recovered, I suppose?—ha, ha!

"No; died, you blanked idiot!"—Twinkles.

PITH AND POINT.

—The Box Party.—"How very quiet that charming Miss Pinkerton is!"

"Yes, she's saving herself until the curtain goes up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I play poker with the old man and make love to his daughter." "Is it a winning game?" "Well, I expect soon to hold a hand that will beat his."—Life.

—Lady Shopper.—"I want to get something suitable for a boy of ten years." Salesman—"Slipper counter down the second aisle, turn to your right."—Boston Transcript.

—Apprehension.—The Professor—"As a matter of fact, there are different dialects in different parts of Scotland." Friend—"Great Scott! Are there more counties to hear from?"—Truth.

—The Delicate Habit.—"We hear music over at your house all the time, Jenkins." "Yes; our cook has been taking lessons in physical culture, and she won't wash a dish without somebody playing on the piano."—Chicago Record.

"Now," said one of the members of a woman's organization, "the secretary is going to read the minutes of the last meeting." "Yes," responded Miss Cayenne, "she calls them minutes. But they always seem like hours."—Washington Star.

—In Contempt.—"That wheel, judge," said the victim of the bicycle thief, "was the finest on the market." "Stop!" cried the judge. "I'll fine you ten dollars for contempt. This court rides the finest wheel on the market."—Philadelphia North American.

ROBBED UNCLE SAM.

A Woman Once Made a Rich Heir on the National Treasury.

There is no department in all the United States that Uncle Sam guards with such jealous care as the national treasury. Enough arms and ammunition are stored in the building to stock an arsenal, and the slightest alarm would bring a regiment of bluecoats to its defense in 40 seconds. The closest watch is kept over the most trusted employees, and it would seem that theft of any description is impossible.

It is on record that a clever woman once robbed the treasury of no one knows how many thousands.

It was never known just how long her thefts had been going on, but the story of her detection is somewhat romantic.

It was one day in the fall of 1888 that this woman, wishing to celebrate the anniversary of her birth, took a day off, leaving a certain amount of money in her desk which had been sent by the sub-treasurer of New York for redemption. It happened that in her absence the sub-treasurer telegraphed for an immediate return of the new money due in exchange for that which he had sent; so another counter was sent to work on the money assigned the absence. This substitute soon discovered fraud and reported the case at headquarters.

The woman's method of procedure was certainly ingenious. From her bundle of money she would select nine bills of the same issue and denomination. From each of these she would cut a portion from the first a piece equal to one-tenth, from the second a piece the size of two-tenths of the whole bill, from the third three-tenths, from the fourth four-tenths, from the fifth five-tenths, and so on up to nine-tenths. She then took the first-tenth and pasted it to the bill from which she had cut two-tenths, using a piece of paper the size of one-tenth to make up for the piece taken out. The three-tenths and another piece of paper took the place of the four-tenths, and so on until, when she had finished, she had one more bill than she started with. She then put all her pasted bills in the package, including the extra one, and took out one that had not been cut for her own use. Having counted her money, she arranged it in the usual package and put her seal upon it, after which it was counted by two different persons who did not open the package, but merely counted the ends, and hence did not see how many pasted bills had been sent by the sub-treasurer of New York. After this it was sent to the maceurion, which completely destroyed all evidences of her guilt.

As it so happened that she had not removed the extra bill on this particular day there was no convincing evidence against her, and she was simply discharged. It was afterward heard that she had lost all her ill-gotten wealth at the hands of a dishonest dealer in real estate, and not long after she died of cancer in a small town in New Jersey.

This matter was kept very quiet at the time of its occurrence, but it stands on the records of the treasury, and employees of the department vouch for its truth.

It ought to be said, however, that no such fraud can ever occur again, as measures have been taken by which it would soon be detected if attempted.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

She Felt Good About It.

He (ecstatically)—Miss de Paystet promised last night to marry me. She (calmly)—I congratulate you.

"You don't seem to be surprised." "No. I can't say that I am. I heard her say yesterday that she had made up her mind to have a husband before the year was out, and that almost any old thing would do."—Somerville Journal.

Incomes of Sovereigns.

The income of the emperor of Russia for one day is said to be \$5,000; sultan of Turkey, \$3,000; emperor of Austria, \$2,000; German emperor, \$1,000; king of Italy, \$1,300; Queen Victoria, \$1,300; king of Belgium, \$1,300; president of France, \$1,000; president of the United States, \$25.—N. Y. World.

The Formal in Attire.

"I heard a critic say that this status of Venus is too formal. I wonder what he meant?" "That it has too few clothes, I presume."—Detroit Free Press.

WOMAN AND HOME.

HOW TO CLEAN LACES.

A Description of Three or Four of the Most Approved Methods.

Nothing is more destructive to laces than careless washing. Where the lace is rare or expensive, of course, it is always the better plan to turn it over to a trustworthy establishment that makes a specialty of cleaning and repairing such articles, but with the less expensive laces the cleaning can as well be done at home. It is not a difficult nor a tedious task, but one requiring care and the use of proper materials.

Real lace and delicate silk laces are easily cleaned by the use of benzine, gasoline or naphtha. But as these articles are inflammable, it is better to use them in a room where there is no fire. Taste the lace smoothly on a piece of thin muslin, being careful to leave a good margin of the muslin on all sides of the lace. Put the gasoline in a bowl and douse the lace and muslin up and down in it rapidly. If the gasoline becomes dirty, put the lace into another vessel and pour fresh gasoline over it. Dip it up and down, being careful to keep the lace on the under side until it is perfectly clean. Then stretch the cloth, with the lace uppermost, on a clean table, and secure it with a few tacks or pins. This could be placed in a room where no dust will fall on it and allowed to remain all day, for while it will dry in a short time, a day's airing will be necessary to be rid of the odor. If gasoline has been used it is set aside for a few hours the dirt will all settle to the bottom, and the clear gasoline can be poured off and used again to wash silk, kid gloves, or anything that cannot be washed in water.

Yet another way is to sew the lace carefully on a bottle or some such article covered for the purpose, and soak it in hot suds into which have been put a few drops of ammonia or kerosene. In such cases the water may be brought to a boil, but where the color of the lace is to be preserved, boiling or even exceedingly hot water should be avoided. When the lace has become perfectly clean, the bottle should be removed from the water and set aside or hung up to dry in a place free from dust. This method, though perhaps a little more tedious than the other, is exceedingly good, and makes the lace look fresh and new without the suspicion of an odor.

Another way is to sew the laces carefully on a cloth, which must then be stretched and tacked to a table, then use carefully over the lace with a rag, using chalk wet with ammonia and water. After the lace and cloth have thoroughly dried the chalk may be shaken out. To have the very best results when trying this plan the drying should be done by the sun.

Still another way of drying laces as well as other delicate fabrics which cannot be successfully ironed is by pressing them smoothly, while yet wet, on a window pane or marble slab. This will obviate all necessity of ironing, and they will appear fresh and new.—N. Y. Sun.

THE FILIFERA PALM.

In Some Respects It Is the Prettiest of Decorative Plants.

Among the many handsome decorative palms that are now considered indispensable in our homes, a new beauty is now making its appearance. Many of the different varieties of fan palms are

similar in form and manner of growth that they have only a slight difference in leaf formation to distinguish them from each other, but this odd sort is quite distinctive and decidedly attractive. It is becoming commonly known as the Filifera palm, but botanically it is the Washingtonia Filifera.

The large leaves are of a rich dark leathery green, picturesquely fringed with long, thread-like filaments along the segments of the leaves. These in time form long white hairs, drooping down in masses from each leaf, and giving the whole plant a very odd appearance. This palm, though so odd and rare, is not difficult to grow, and it is becoming very popular for parlor decoration.—Chicago Tribune.

Charming Table Decorations.

The French manner of combining pink and yellow is in great favor at present for table decorations. Yellow daffodils placed among long wired loops of broad pink satin ribbon are very handsome and effective, and laces served in pink paper cups encircled by a wreath of stamens daffodils upon a pink plate help to carry out the color scheme.

Lettuce Green Salad Bowl.

English engraved glass is attracting much attention for its beauty of color. A salad bowl is of green and white enameled glass, and the lettuce coloring is further carried out in the handles of salad fork and spoon, both of which terminate in knobs of green glass.

She Took Her Revenge.

A man having died at Darwin, England, his wife addressed a long speech to the corpse upon her sufferings during her married life. She then benumbed the body, smashing a chair over the dead man's head, necessitating the intervention of the police.

BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL.

Marjory McKinley Morse, Who Will Be the White House Pet.

During the administration of President McKinley, as in those immediately preceding it, the white house will have its baby ruler. There is only one baby among all the branches of the McKinley family, but that one will hold high court at the national capital. The new sovereign is Marjorie McKinley Morse. She is two years old and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse, of San Francisco.

Mrs. Morse is the daughter of the late David Allison McKinley, the eldest brother of the president. With her husband she visited Canton during the early part of the campaign, and though neither Maj. nor Mrs. McKinley had ever seen little Marjorie it was then decided that in the event of a republican success she was to take up her home in the white house. This plan, however, will not be carried out until warmer weather makes the change from California to Washington less dangerous to the baby's health. Marjorie will probably first see her granduncle in May.

It is said by her California friends that little Marjorie is an unusually bright child and remarkable in more ways than one. She has a wonderful memory, and has already learned to read. If she is shown a picture and its connection explained to her she never

forgets it. She recites poetry as well as many children much older. And to these accomplishments she adds the natural advantage of being pretty and lovable.